Soap

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31418768.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Established Relationship, Dinner Party, home made soap, the soap is people of course, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Will Graham Knows, lovers tiff, Makeup Sex, Shower Sex, a little cracky?, Spanking, Happy Ending
Language:	English
Series:	Part 36 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-20 Words: 1,693 Chapters: 1/1

Soap

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal has taken up a new hobby, Will just doesn't want him to share it with their friends.

Notes

Over a year ago I said I would write a thank you fic for obfuscatedheart and here it finally is. I'm so sorry for the delay! Dedicated to the talented obfuscatedheart and the wonderful soaps she makes.

“Oh Hannibal, wow. This smells wonderful. I can’t wait to use it.”

Will’s ears pricked up when he heard Alana’s words.

He couldn’t be? He didn’t? He wouldn’t!

Of course he would.

Will turned the corner to find Hannibal and Alana standing together in the dining room, drinking from the flutes of champagne. And in one hand Alana clearly held a little package. One thing Will had asked emphatically was that Hannibal *not* give them to their friends.

It was bad enough that Hannibal insisted the whole soap making thing was down to Will. Specifically, Will having mentioned in passing how hard it could be to get the blood off his hands after basement butchery. That, it seemed, was enough to set Hannibal off on a new hobby.

Will wanted to make a beeline to them and find some excuse to retrieve the little neatly wrapped packet of soap. And slap Hannibal’s smile off his face too.

To anyone else it might look like Hannibal was just being friendly but Will knew that smile well. The one where he was greatly amused with himself. The same smile he wore when he fed his guests long pig at dinner parties.

“Will!” Alana waved him over and he went, snatching up a flute of champagne from a passing tray so that he had something to do with his hands other than smack Hannibal in the mouth.

“I can’t believe I’ve known Hannibal so long and yet he still surprises me with new interests and talents.” Alana smiled jovially, a flash of something in her eyes. That same something that had been there since Will and Hannibal had gotten together. Jealousy? Perhaps, though he wasn’t sure who she was most jealous of in this scenario.

“Oh yes, full of surprises,” He smiled back at her, sliding his arms around Hannibal’s waist and squeezing just a little too hard. Hannibal tensed in response but his expression didn’t change.

Their attention was drawn to the other side of the room where Bella was laughing politely at something Chilton had said and Jack’s own booming laughter was clearly fake. Not that Chilton seemed to notice.

“You know, I think Jack could do with a hobby. Something to relax him.” Alana turned back to them both with a smile.

“Your professional opinion, Doctor?” Hannibal asked teasingly, causing Alana to let out a tinkle of laughter that made Will want to roll his eyes.

It wasn’t flirting per se, but it wasn’t not flirting either. That sort of safe flirting that took place when someone was already taken and secure in their relationship. Will was definitely secure in their relationship, but it irked him nonetheless.

Hannibal clearly saw Will’s jaw tighten at Alana’s laughter because he then demured, “Soap making can be an intricate process but a relaxing one. And yes, perhaps Jack would benefit from a hobby where he *creates*. Witnessing the horrors we humans inflict upon each other day after day must take its toll, having a creative outlet might indeed be good for him.”

“So, which of us is going to try and convince him to make soap?” Alana asked conspiratorially, grinning as though it was some great game.

Will was confident that this would remain a joke between them and no one would even remotely suggest to Jack that he should take up soap making or any other hobby. Or make any kind of comment on his life whatsoever.

But, spurred by the joviality, Will wouldn’t be surprised if Hannibal gave Jack a bar of soap or two to take home. It would almost be rude not to at this point as he’d already given one to Alana.

Will’s jaw tightened a little more.

Hannibal had fed Jack incriminating meat many times before, but sending the man home with a soap that could be sampled to find the DNA of all three of the Ripper’s latest victims? All of which, incidentally, happened to also be in some of the canapes this evening. He might as well tempt fate and give all the lab staff a doggy bag.

Will continued to smile and make polite conversation, but beneath it all he was seething. And not just at Hannibal, but at himself too. Because, damn it, he sort of did enjoy it when Hannibal dangled his clues and cannibal puns in front of them all and he was the only one to have figured it out.

Will quietly seethed even in his own smugness.

*

Will stood next to Hannibal’s large bed, taking off his clothes and placing them down, when Hannibal came up behind him and kissed the side of his neck.

When Will shrugged him off Hannibal hummed thoughtfully.

“I’ve upset you,” Hannibal said, moving around to his dressing stand and starting to remove his own clothes.

Will glared at him for a moment before Hannibal sighed.

“The soap for Alana.” Hannibal surmised.

“Was it just Alana?” Will asked, unsure whether he gave out more whilst Will wasn’t looking.

Hannibal cocked a brow, “Is that jealousy?”

Exasperated Will threw up his hands, “It’s self preservation, Hannibal! You know one sure fire way to get caught is by giving away the evidence to people connected with law enforcement. You’re taunting them and they don’t even know it. And one day-”

“The only one amongst them all who could ever see who I am is standing in my bedroom right now and frequently warms my bed.” Hannibal replied, coolly.

“One day you’ll slip up.” Will chided.

“And if I do, I will make it clear that you knew nothing,” Hannibal countered.

Will let out a bark of laughter at that. “Okay, so I won’t be convicted alongside you, I’ll just be renowned as the most oblivious criminal profiler ever to have lived.”

“Love can make you blind, as they say.” Hannibal replied softly. Will knew that if they were standing closer to each other then Hannibal would reach out for him.

Will couldn’t decide which he preferred.

With a huff he turned on his heel and walked into the connecting bathroom, closing the door soundly behind him.

There was no sound from the bedroom as Will continued to undress and then turned on the shower, he let the water run for a minute before stepping under the spray. It was luxurious, as was all of Hannibal’s house and Will lost himself to the sensation and the rush of the twin jets.

He didn’t hear Hannibal enter the room until he slid into the shower with Will, a bar of his own soap in his hands.

“Let me help you,” Hannibal suggested, standing in front of Will. He began to lather up his hands and then Will’s chest with slow, sensual motions whilst Will continued to frown.

“Do you think this will win me over?” Will asked, incredulous.

“I hoped,” Hannibal replied, continuing to soap Will up.

And damn, Will couldn’t help the response of his body, even if he was still angry at Hannibal.

“The soap making stops,” Will said sternly. It’s one thing keeping a fridge full of victims, but making soap? And giving them away! Do you know how long it takes someone to get through a bar of soap? It takes tempting fate to a whole new level. I know it amuses you deeply, but-”

Hannibal dropped the soap then blinked wide eyed at Will.

“Oops.” Hannibal smirked then turned and bent over, fumbling with the slippery bar. Purposely.

When he cast a glance back over his shoulder, Will simply glared at him.

“Trying to show me what we could get up to if they sent us to prison?” Will grumbled.

“If you like.” Hannibal replied. He straightened up and stepped back, pressing his back to Will’s front. He positioned himself perfectly for Will’s flaccid cock to nestle between his cheeks.

“You’re a fucking menace,” Will growled, hating the fact that his dick was of course getting hard.

“You are so beautiful when you’re angry,” Hannibal replied, his voice a little raspy. Will didn’t need to look to know that Hannibal was hard and leaking under the shower spray.

“And you should know by now that flattery will get you nowhere.” Will tried not to moan the words and was mostly successful.

“What will get me somewhere?” Hannibal asked, now moving against Will so that his cock was rutting the crack of Hannibal’s ass and growing harder. He remembered fucking him this morning, both a morning wood and stress reliever. He knew Hannibal would be able to take him right now and the thought made him harder still.

“No more soap,” Will replied, breathless.

“If you insist,” Hannibal grinned. Hannibal dropped the soap again and Will growled, leaning forward to bite the flesh of Hannibal’s shoulder.

“I mean it. Dinner and that’s it. No more cannibal by-products.”

Hannibal chuckled at those words, “If that’s what it takes.”

Before Will could reply, Hannibal reached between them and took hold of Will’s cock, lining him up and sinking back until Will’s back was against the tiled wall and he was deep inside Hannibal.

“Fuck,” Will muttered.

Hannibal hummed in response and did exactly that, moving himself on Will’s cock until Will couldn’t take anymore. He grabbed Hannibal’s hips and began to fuck into him hard and deep, until Hannibal was bent over once more, hands braced against the wall as Will filled him.

Every single pleasurable sound from Hannibal’s mouth was tinged with amusement. Will had to wonder if this whole thing had simply been to see how Will would react.

Will felt irritation rise at that.

So he did something Hannibal likely wouldn't predict.

"Don't do it again." Will growled.

With the flat of his hand Will slapped Hannibal's ass, hard. So hard that it resulted in a guttural moan from Hannibal that was filled with both pleasure and pain. His body also tensed in response, squeezing around Will's cock until he was breathless and on the edge.

Panting, with eyes full of lust, Hannibal looked over his shoulder and begged, "Do that again."

Will drew in a sharp breath, wondering what on earth he had started now.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!